

ATOMIC RABBIT

Volume 1, Number 3

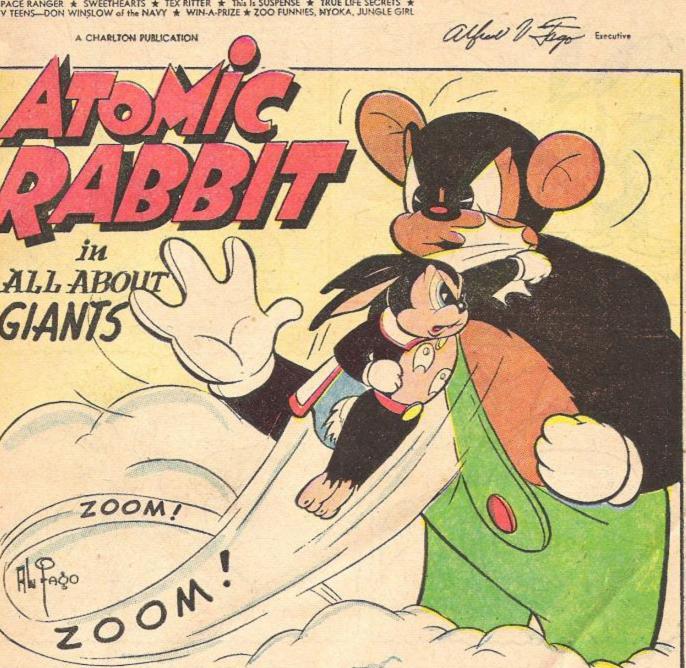
March, 1956

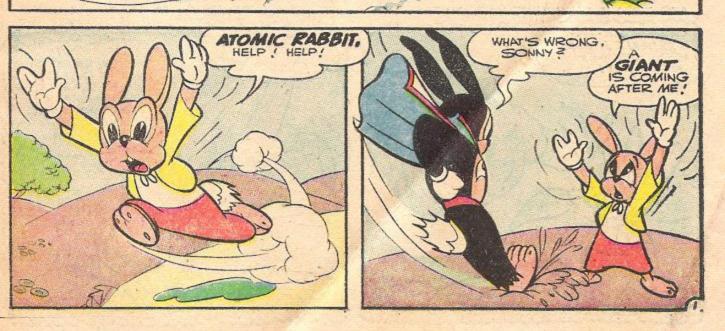
Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group, Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Second Class mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues \$1.20. Copyright 1956 by Charlton Comics Group Al Fago, Executive Editor.

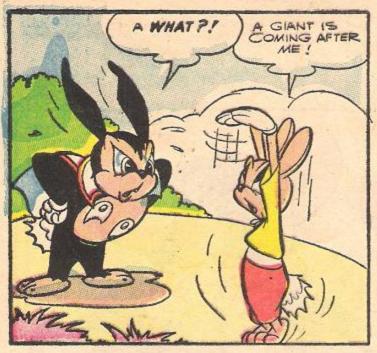
(Printed in U.S.A.)

ATOMIC MOUSE & BADGE OF JUSTICE & BLUE BEETLE & COWBOY LOVE & COWBOY WESTERN & DANGER and ADVENTURE & FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN & GABBY HAYES &
HOT RODS and RACING CARS & LASH LARUE & MONTE HALE & MY LITTLE MARGIE & ROCKY
LANE & SIX-GUN HEROES & SOLDIER and MARINE & SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES,
SPACE RANGER & SWEETHEARTS & TEX RITTER & This is SUSPENSE & TRUE LIFE SECRETS &
TY TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY & WIN-A-PRIZE & ZOO FUNNIES, MYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment









... I FOUND A BIG, BIG BEANSTALK ...



I CLIMBED AND CLIMBED AND CLIMBED



AND THEN I SAW WHAT WAS ON TOP ...



I SCOOTED DOWN AS FAST AS I COULD! AND WHEN I GOT TO THE BOTTOM ...









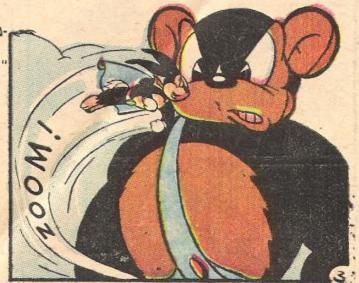
CAUSE THAT GIANT IS NOTHING BUT A BIG BALLOON MADE OF STICKY RUBBER!

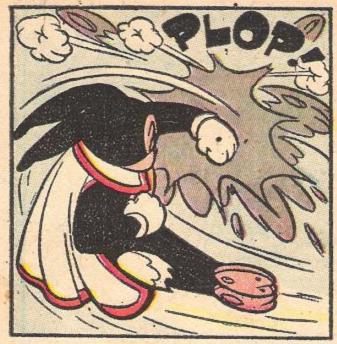


THE MOMENT ATOMIC RABBIT HITS THE BALLOON, IT WILL FALL APART -- AND STRANDS OF STICKY RUBBER WILL WRAP AROUND HIM ...



HOLD HOLD HIM PRISON-ER FOR-EVER!"







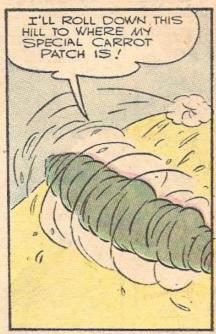












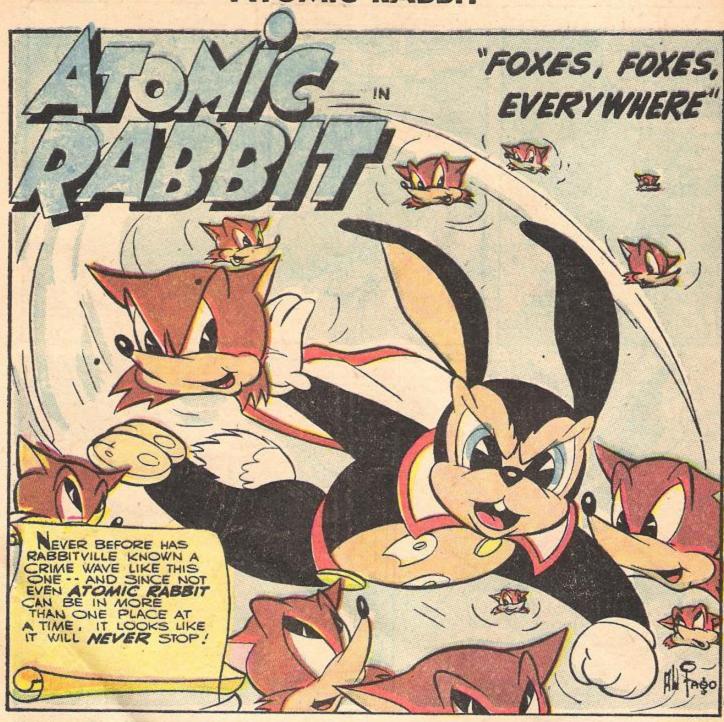










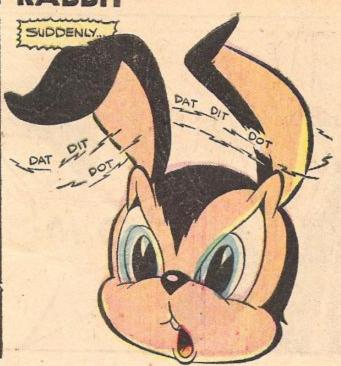






MATER, IN RABBIT-VILLE...



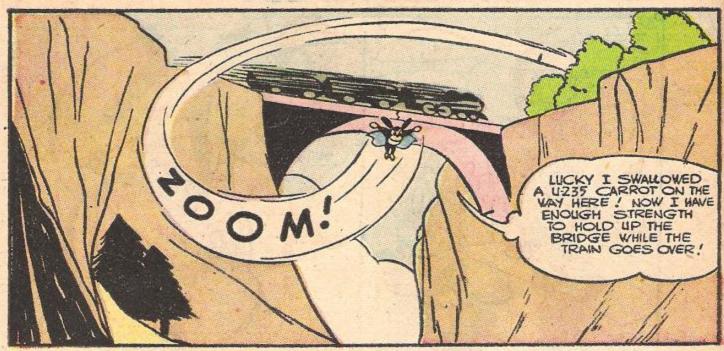












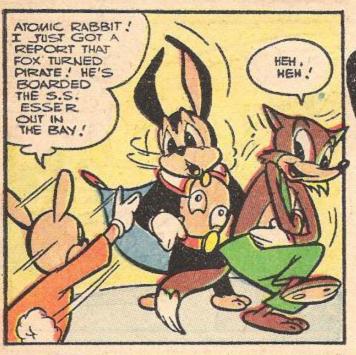
T THAT
VERY
MOMENT
FAR
AWAY
IN
RABBITVILLE...























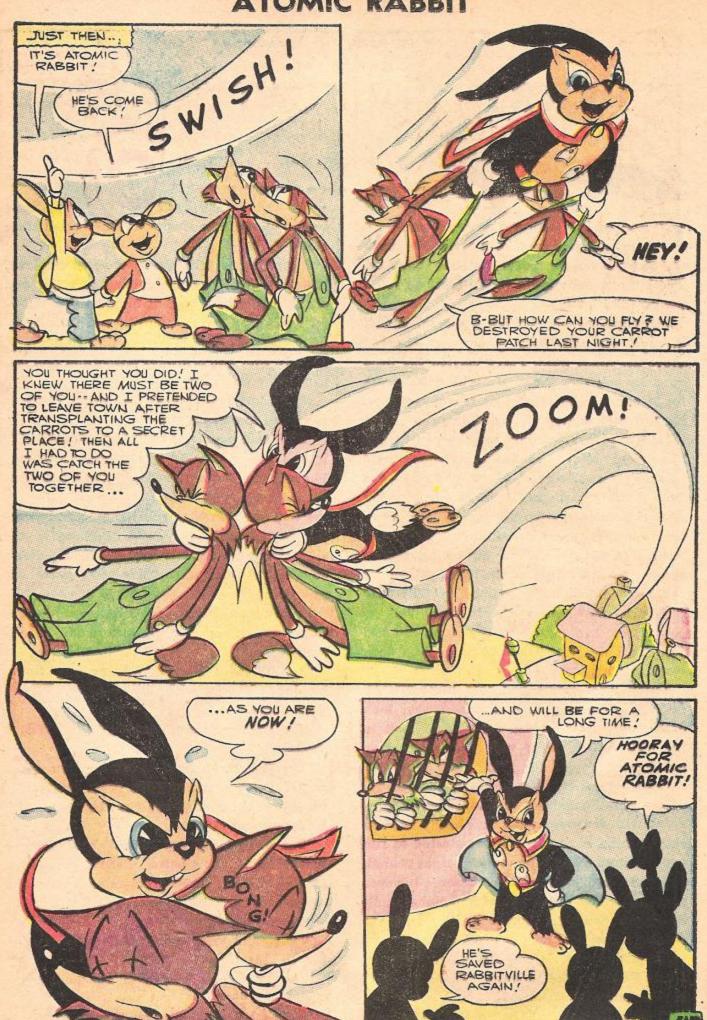












PERRY POLECAT'S

By R. R. Symes

T was such a nice sunny day that Perry Polecat decided to take a walk. His papa was at work and his mama had gone shopping. There was nobody home to tell him he should not go for a walk.

Perry started off, making a sort of tunnel through the call, wild grass that towered above his black head. Perry carried his head high. He was very proud of his ability to walk for he had learned how only a few days before. He was very anxious to see the world.

He had progressed only a dozen yards when he suddenly came to an open space where there was no grass. The earth was brown and hard. The sunlight was bright in this space and as Perry emerged from his dark green tunnel, he blinked his eyes. He couldn't see too well at first. It was like coming out of a darkened movie into the high noon light. When he could see all right, he walked proudly into the open space. He was sure there was no danger. He had looked to the right. He had seen nothing. He had looked to the left. Nothing there.

That's what mama had told him: "Perry, be careful crossing open spaces. Always look both ways. Look to the right. And look to the left. And—" what was that other thing mama always said? Oh, yes! "Look behind!"

Perry looked behind and nearly jumped out of his skin. Something very black and frightening with four legs and a long bushy tail was right behind him! Little Perry started to run and the black thing followed him, right behind. Perry stopped and froze. He squeezed his eyes shut tight. His heart went rump-bump-idddl-dee-dump. Nothing happened. He dared to sneak another look at the black thing. It was right behind him. It was flat on the ground. Little Perry started to laugh, "He-he-heeeee!" He was laughing at himself.

"That's my shadow!" he giggled. "I've been

scared by my own shadow!" He giggled some more.

His papa had told him a lot about shadews. "Son," he said, " a brave young skunk like you should never be scared of his own shadow."

"But," papa had continued, "when it's somebody else's shadow, that's the time to be wary. Be sure your gun is always loaded and that you can shoot straight."

Mama had said, "Don't you think Perry is too small to carry a gun?"

"No," said papa, "he can't hurt himself with it and the sooner he learns how to protect himself, the better for him." Papa had convinced her.

Perry was jumping and hopping and dancing in the open space and laughing at the silly things his shadow kept doing. He didn't stop till a voice said, "Mee-yow! What are you doing?"

Looking up, Perry saw a fellow no bigger than himself peering at him from a lowhanging limb.

"Hello!" said Perry. "I'm making funny moving pictures with my shadow. What's your name?"

"I'm Tommy Kitten," was the reply. "What's yours?"

"Perry Polecat. Say! What are you doing now?" Perry watched with great interest as the kitten kept scraping the tree bark with his hands and feet.

"I'm sharpening my claws," said Tommy Kitten. "And you'd better sharpen yours, too. Or else the Big Beastly Brute will come and eat you all up!"

"Oh, no he won't!"

"He won't? Why won't he? How're you going to stop him?"

"I'll just shoot him with my gun, that's what!"

Tommy Kitten showed great interest. "Have

you got a gun, honest? Does it shoot real bullets? Like a cowboy or a policeman?"

"Nooooo, not bullets," admitted Perry.

"Well, if its just a toy wooden gun or an old cap pistol, it won't stop the Big Beastly Brute from coming and eating you all up!" asserted Tommy Kitten, somewhat scornfully.

"Yes it will," declared Perry. "It's not a toy. It shoots spray."

"What good's that?"

"Papa says it'll stop anything."

"Let's see it! Let's see you shoot it! But don't aim it this way! Go on, I dare you to shoot it!"

Egged on, Perry Polecat got his spray pistol out of his holster, twirled it professionally, and then squeezed the trigger. A fine spray shot out.

"Occoccooh!" cried Tommy, holding his mose.

"What's the matter?" asked Perry, twirling his pistol and pretending to draw a bead on a villainous outlaw.

"Put that thing away! That smells awful!" cried Tommy Kitten.

"Golly, does it? I never noticed. Well, come on down and we'll play some other game."

"No, sir! Not with you!" cried Tommy Kitten, running farther up the limb and climbing the tree. "I'm not going to play with you, you skunk!"

HEN the Big Beastly Brute came along and saw the little ball of fur beside the old hollow log he thought, "Ha! A kitty cat! It will make a very nice snack for me!"

His red tongue came out and licked his lips and his long white fangs in anticipation. He took one step forward, then stopped short. He had seen that the "kitty cat" was black with a big white stripe down the middle of its back. "It's a young skunk!" he growled to himself. "I won't mess with him!"

Then he noticed that the young skunk was crying. "What's the matter," asked the Big Beastly Brute.

"Tommy Kitten won't play with me," sobbed Perry Polecat. "It's because my pistol smells bad."

"It's not your pistol, it's your ammo," asserted the Big Beastly Brute, a nasty, crafty look coming into his big yellow eyes. "You go to the perfume well and fill your spray gun with perfume. Then everybody will love you. I will love you especially, chomp-chomp!" thought the Big Beastly Brute.

Poor Perry was so unhappy and so eager to change his ammo that he failed to note the terrible look of hunger in the big yellow eyes. Perry followed instructions carefully. He went two blocks north to the dead chestnut tree, made a left-hand turn, followed the silver birches for twenty yards, turned right and found the Perfume Well straight ahead.

Dozen of wood sprites that looked like large butterflies were flitting about with their tiny buckets, filling them with perfume to throw on the violets and all the other wild flowers to make them smell nice. They were very kind and helped Perry fill his pistol with perfume. Young Polecat tried a practise shot and was delighted with the attar of roses his spray gun produced. After thanking the wood sprites, he went away singing.

His song was interrupted when he heard a cry of, "Meee-yow! Help!"

He ran forward and saw Tommy Kitten on, top of a high stump. The Big Bad Brute was climbing up after him. "Stop, or I'll shoot!" yelled Perry.

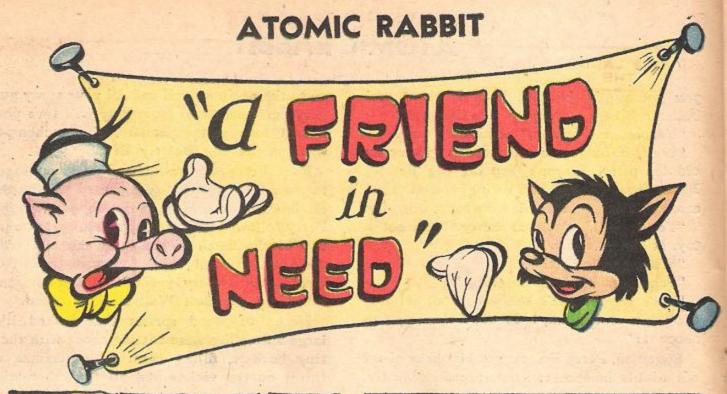
"Ha, you can't hurt me!" snarled the Brute.
"Your gun is full of perfume!"

Too late, Perry realized he'd been tricked. He squeezed the trigger, anyway. The perfume spray got in the Brute's eyes and made him blink. It got in his nose and made him sneeze. Tommy Kitten leaped down from the stump and both he and Perry dived into the hollow log to safety.

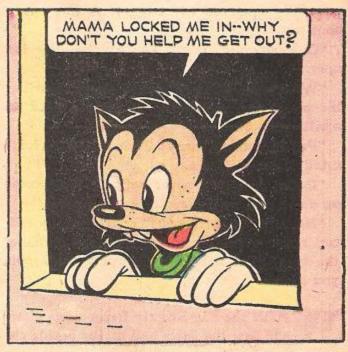
"I'll get you guys later," growled the Big Beastly Brute departing. He went straight to the poolroom to tell his gang how he had outwitted a young skunk. But when he entered all his tough pals said, "Sniff! Sniff! Woo! Woo! You smell like a flower. You're a sissy! You're not a Brute. You're a Petunia!"

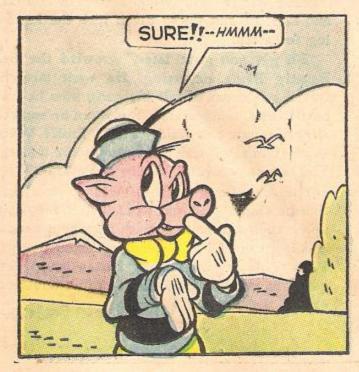
The Big Beastly Brute was so mortified that he slunk away and went to live in a cave up in the mountains and he became a hermit and lived on wild berries. And from then on Perry Polecat and Tommy Kitten could play games as much as they wanted to without fear of the Big Beastly Brute!

THE END













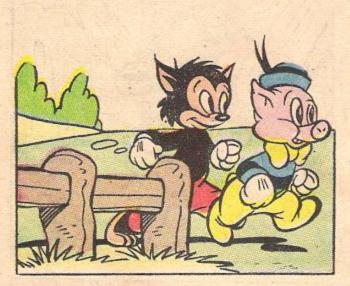


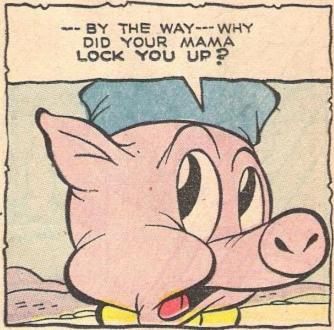












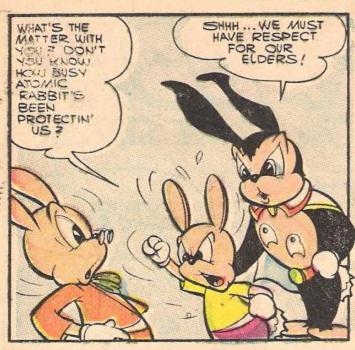


ATOMIC RABBIT The ATOMIC SNEEZER IH HOORAY FOR ATOMIC RABBIT! RABBIT BOY'S CLUB THERE HE
STANDS--THE
WORLD'S BEST
LIKED AND MOST
POWERFUL
CRUSADER
FOR LAW AND
ORDER!

DON'T LOOK NOW... BUT HERE COMES TROUBLE SCOOT-ING AROUND THE CORNER.« 5490

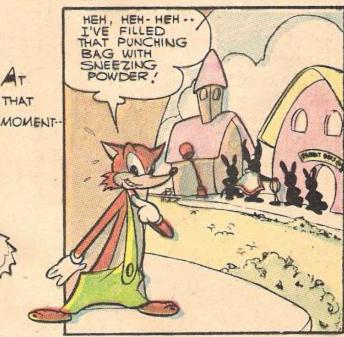








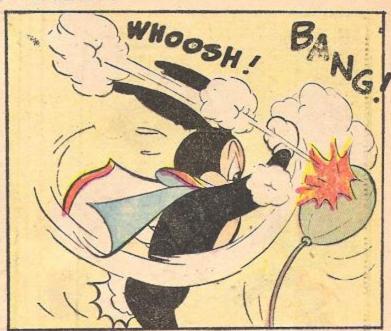
















DON'T FORGET WHO'S SNEEZING... ATOMIC RABBIT HIMSELF: AND THE FIRST MIGHTY SNEEZE: AS POWER-FUL AS A TORNADO SENDS FOX FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...



INTO A TINY DESERT ISLE WITH A ...



ATOMIC RABBIT'S SECOND MIGHTY SNEEZE SAND-BLASTS THE TOWN HALL ...



LEAVING IT CLEAN AND SHINY AS NEW...

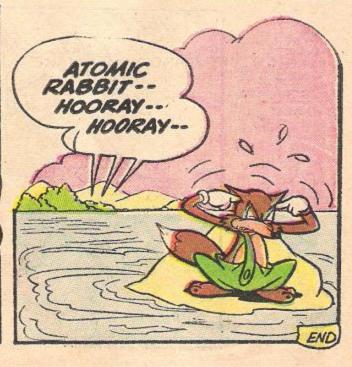


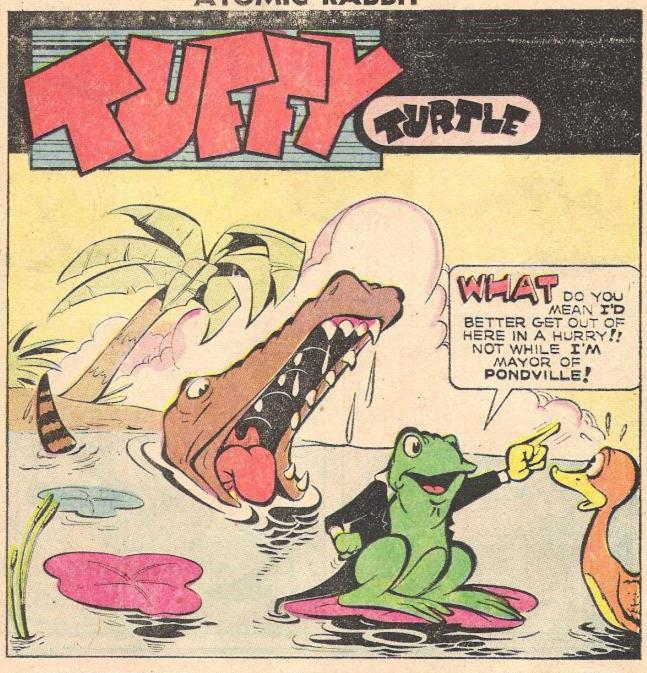
AND ATOMIC RABBIT'S THIRD SNEEZE BLOWN EVERY LAST LEAT OF RABBIT-VILLE...





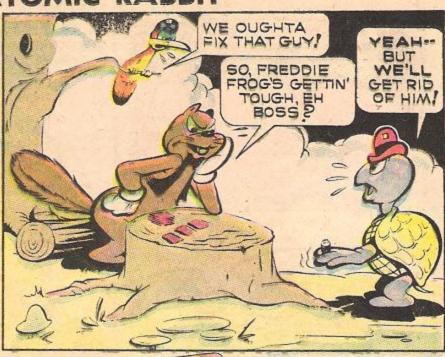












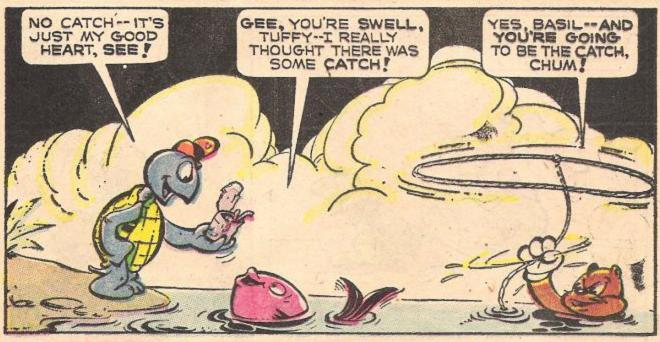








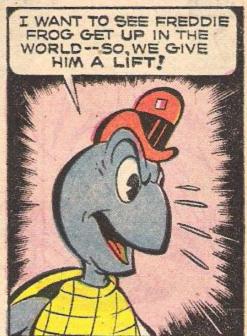






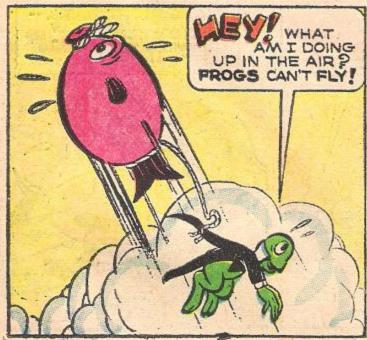










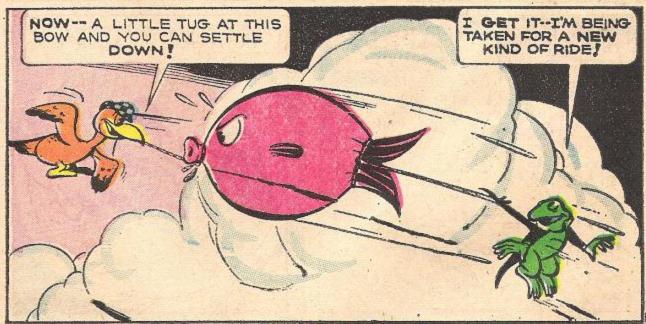


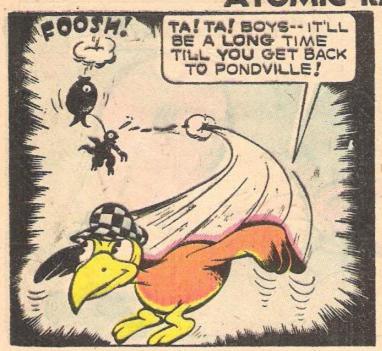






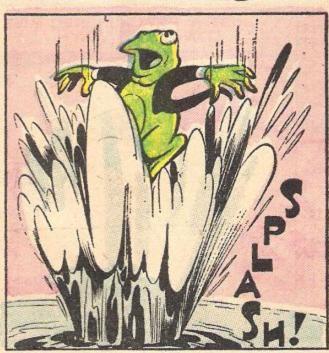
















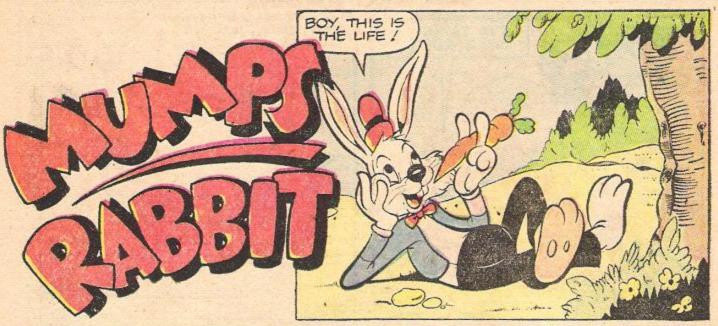


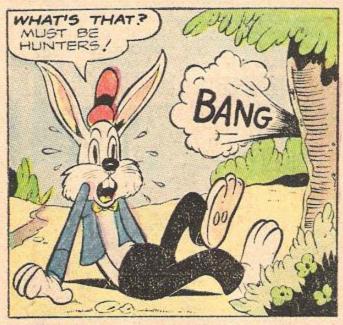


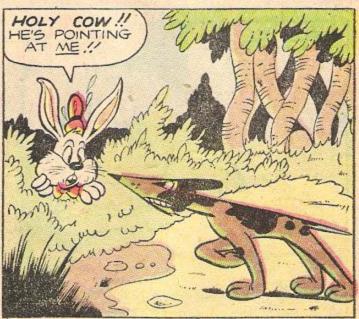












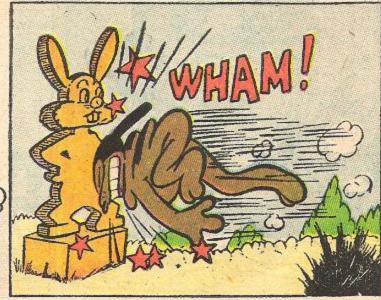






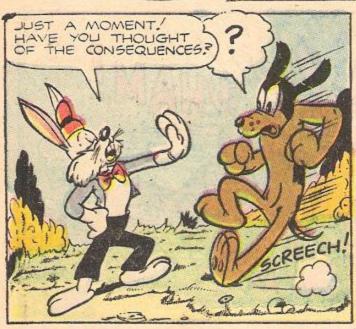


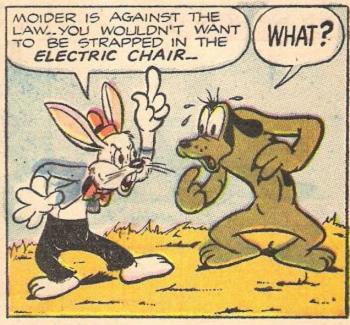


































Now you can form your own battle lines, storm castle walls, and live in those glorious pages of history when men were men!



Here is territic tun tor everyone in the tamily.
For only \$1.00 postpaid we will send you a set
of colorful battle horses, men in armor, and
weapons, all in beautiful non-breakable plastic.
The weapons and banners are interchangeable!

#### HERE IS WHAT YOU GET:

- 6 Knight battle horses in armor.
- 6 Mounted Knights in armor.
- 4 Foot Knights in armor.
- 10 Interchangeable weapons.

			CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE	Section 1
.OCTIV	COLIDANIV	Dont	CCI	0
JOSELY	COMPANY.	Debi-	001	-
the first limit of the limit				

1472 Broadway New York 36, N. Y.

NO COD'S

Gentlemen:
HERE IS MY DOLLAR! Rush full set of Kings' Knights. If
not completely satisfied I can return merchandise for full
refund. Canada and foreign orders' send \$1.50 international
postal moncy order.

NAME \_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_\_STATE\_\_\_\_\_



I am end	losing \$	in fu	ill paym	ent
Name	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Makada (Control of Control		
City		Zone	State	1012
	12 Issues f	for \$1.20		

YES, send me	(CHECK ONE)
ATOMIC	MOUSE [
TIMMY THE T	TIMID GHOST

ATOMIC RABBIT II

SEND TO
CHARLTON COMICS
SUBSCRIPTIONS,
DERBY, CONN.

